

THE
METHODIST MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1821.



Divinity.



From the London Methodist Magazine.

A SERMON

*Preached in the Parish Church at Madeley, Shropshire, Dec. 1761, by
the REV. JOHN FLETCHER, and never before published.*

And thou shalt speak my words unto them whether they will hear, or whether
they will forbear, for they are most rebellious,—Ezek. ii. 7.

(Concluded from page 325.)

1st. **IF** sinning against many means of grace, and against knowledge, be an aggravation of guilt, thy guilt, O sinner, is greatly aggravated. For thou wast born in a Christian country, hast been brought up in a reformed church; God has delivered unto thee his sacred Word, and has provided for thee teachers, coming early and late, to shew thee the things that belong to thy peace. The means of grace have been brought, as it were, to thy very door; the manna of God's word runs round thy habitation. Thou canst not name one means of improving in Divine knowledge and grace, but what God has blessed thee with. Sacraments, plain sermons and lectures, reading of the word of God, and the soundest pieces of practical divinity, spiritual conferences, public and private prayers, instructions, singing of psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs;—all these means thou hast enjoyed, or mightest have enjoyed, if thy worldly and carnal mind had not made thee set light by them; still thou hast continued to dose on the pillow of security and presumption. And suppose thou art not one of those who entirely set at nought and turn from the instructions of their teachers, yet dost not thou often transgress in some such plain instances, that thine own reason, blinded as it is by the love of the world, manifests thy wilful disobedience; and knowing the righteous judgment of God, that they who commit such things are worthy of death, hast thou not done the same; nay, and, as St. Paul speaks, taken plea-

sure in those that did them ; and even chosen them for thy intimate friends and companions, so as thereby to strengthen, by the force of example and converse, one another's hands in your contempt of vital religion and pursuit of vanity ?

2. Add to this : If Divine love and mercy be an aggravation of the sins committed against it, your crimes, O sinner, have been heinously aggravated. "I have nourished and brought up children," says the Lord, (Isai. i.) "and they have rebelled against me." And is not this your very case, sinner ? Did not God watch over you in your infant days, and guard you from a multitude of known and unknown dangers ? Has he not given you rational faculties ? Has he not hitherto bestowed upon you the necessaries, and perhaps also the conveniences of life ? Has he not frequently appeared for your deliverance, when in the distresses of nature you have called upon him for help ? Has he not rescued you from ruin when unforeseen accidents have cut off in an instant some of your acquaintances about you ? Hath he not, on some occasions, healed your diseases, when all that were around gave you up ? Or, if it has not been so, has not the uninterrupted health which you have enjoyed, been an equivalent obligation ? Look round upon all your blessings, and name, if you can, one thing of which the God against whom you rebel, has not been your bountiful giver and gracious preserver.—Add to all these temporal mercies, the many tender invitations of his gospel, which you have heard and despised, and then say whether your rebellion hath not been aggravated by the vilest ingratitude, and whether that aggravation can be accounted small.

Again, If it be any aggravation of sin to be committed against conscience, your crimes, O sinner, have been thus aggravated : consult the records of it, and then dispute the fact if you can : conscience is the agent of God's Spirit in the soul of man, it may be blinded and stupified but it cannot be bribed. And it often condemns a sinner secretly, even while he endeavours to excuse himself outwardly. Have you not found it so ? Has not conscience remonstrated against your past conduct, and have you not felt these remonstrances painful ? Uncharitable as some think me in the pulpit, I cannot think you such a monster as to be void of conscience ; or to have one so stupified, so seared, as it were, with a hot iron, that it never cried out against the violences you have done it, never warned you of the fatal consequences of one of your sins. These warnings, which you did not regard, were in effect the voice of God, the admonitions which he gave you by his agent in your breast. And if his sentence be executed upon you in everlasting death for your evil works, you will hear that voice speaking to you again, in a louder tone and a severer accent than before, and you will be

tormented with its upbraidings through eternity, because you would not in time hearken to its admonitions.

Let me add, farther, that if it be any aggravation of guilt to have sinned against the motions of God's Spirit on the mind, surely your sin has been attended with that aggravation also.—St. Stephen charged it upon the Jews, that through all their generations they had always resisted the Holy Ghost. If the Spirit of God strove with the Jews, how much more with professing Christians? And have you never experienced any thing of this kind, have you been so hardened from your infancy as never to have been wrought upon by an alarming or convincing discourse? Or when there was no pious teacher near you, have you never perceived a secret impulse upon your mind, leading you to think of religion, urging you to an immediate consideration of it, sweetly inviting you to make trial of it, and warning you that you would lament this stupid neglect? O sinner, why were not these happy motions attended to? Why did not you, as it were, spread out all the sails of your soul to catch that heavenly breath? But you have carelessly neglected it—you have suppressed these kind influences. How reasonably then might the sentence have gone forth in righteous displeasure, *My Spirit shall no more strive!* And, indeed, who can say that it has not already gone forth? Alas! If you feel no emotion of mind, no remorse, no awakening, while you listen to such a remonstrance as this, there will be room, great room to fear it.

There is one aggravation more which probably attends your sins, I mean that of being committed against solemn engagements to the contrary. You promised in baptism to renounce all the pomps and vanities of this world, and all the sinful desires of the flesh; you vowed to keep God's holy commandments all the days of your life: you have, perhaps, strengthened the obligation, already laid upon you by being confirmed, or coming to the Lord's table with a public profession of having a steadfast purpose to lead a new life: but alas! you are still the same, still a lover of pleasure, or of money, more than a lover of God! and, if you say you never come to the Lord's table, to vow him obedience, and so you never aggravate your guilt by sinning against solemn engagements; I answer, it is the more shameful that you should so publicly forsake the God of your fathers, as never to attempt to enter into any engagement with him. The pleading that you are an heathen makes Christ and his church little amends for your not being a good Christian. But suppose you never took your baptismal vow upon yourself, hath your heart been, even from your youth, hardened to so uncommon a degree, that you never cried to God in any season of danger and difficulty? And did you never mingle vows with those cries? Did you never promise that if God would hear and help you in

that hour of extremity, you would forsake your sins, and serve him as long as you lived? He heard and helped you, otherwise you would not have been in his courts at this time; and by such deliverance did, as it were, bind down your vows upon you, and therefore your guilt in the violation of them remains before him, though you are stupid enough to forget them. Nothing is forgotten, nothing is overlooked by him; and the day will come when the record shall be laid before you too.

And now, sinner, think seriously with yourself, what defence you will make to all this. Will you fly in the face of God, and that of your conscience, so openly as to deny one of the charges of rebellion, yea of aggravated rebellion, I have advanced against you? Have you not lifted up yourself against the Lord of heaven? Have not you stiffened your neck and hardened your heart from his love and fear? Have not you sided with his sworn enemies, the world and the flesh? What part of your body, what faculty of your soul have you not employed as an instrument of unrighteousness? When did you live one day before God with the dependence of a creature, the gratitude of a redeemed creature, the heavenly frame of a sanctified creature? Nay, when did you live one hour without violating God's known law, either in word, or thought, or action? Have not you done it almost continually by the vanity of your mind and the hardness of your heart, if not by the open immorality of your life? And, what infinitely aggravates your guilt, have you not despised and abused God's numberless mercies? Have not you affronted conscience, his deputy, in your breast? Have not you resisted and grieved his Spirit? Yea, have not you trifled with him in all your pretended submissions or solemn engagements? In one word, and that in the language of Jeremiah iii. "Thou hast done evil things as thou couldst," or as thou durst. Thousands are, no doubt, already in hell, whose guilt never equalled yours; and yet God has spared you to see the end almost of another year, and to hear now this plain representation of your case. And will you not yet consider? Shall nothing move you to shake off that amazing carelessness and stupid disregard of your salvation? Will you never begin to "work it out with fear and trembling?" Will you slumber in impenitency till eternal woes crush you into destruction? Is death, is judgment, is the bottomless pit so far off that you dare put off, from week to week, the day of your conversion? You have read in God's word, that there is mercy with him that he may be feared, but where did you read that there is mercy with him for those that fear him not; for those that are as unconcerned about his displeasure, as easy under his threatenings, as insensible of his mercies, as unmoved under his word as you are? Shew me such a place, I shall not say any where in the Bible, but in any book written by a moral

heathen. And yet you hope, you persist to hope, you are right, and can be saved in this way. When we expostulate with you, when we entreat you, after David, "kiss the Son, lest he be angry," and so you perish in this way of carnal security, "if his wrath be kindled yea but a little;" you blame us secretly, or openly, and are ready to quarrel with us for bringing you the unwelcome message: you will not blame yourselves for giving us cause to bring it, and obstinately refuse to fall out with the sins we exclaim against; but under the most cogent arguments, taken from reason and the nature of things, the most glaring proofs out of the word of God, the most earnest entreaties not to harden your heart, you remain as unshaken as an anvil under the workman's stroke. Or, if you relent a little, and conscience receives the dart of conviction, instead of driving it deeper and deeper, you instantly shake it off, and quench the Spirit of God; you run into the company of careless worldlings, and are afraid or ashamed to converse with those whose consciences are alarmed, and with whom you might learn the first principles of repentance never to be repented of; and thus you grow more insensible every day, more averse to pure and undefiled religion, more alienated from the life of God in your heart. And what do you think will be the end of these things? Has any one hardened himself against the Lord, says the prophet, and prospered? And do you suppose you shall first prosper in that way? "He that being often reproofed," says he again, "hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy;" and will the God of truth break his word, and commence a liar, by not spuing your lukewarm soul out of his mouth, by not cutting asunder such an unprofitable servant, such a rebellious subject as you are to him, if speedy conversion does not make him sheath the sword of his vengeance?—If you say, that passion makes me represent your case worse than it really is, I put you to the proof: shew wherein I speak not the words of soberness and truth. You cannot; and yet you condemn and slight them. If, therefore, I speak to any more particularly than to the rest of my careless hearers, it is to thee, whose heart is thus ready to say, "I am not a rebellious soul, but *you* are a false or enthusiastic teacher." Alas! thou art the man—thou art the woman I chiefly address, and it appears clear that thou despisest reproof: and *he that despises reproof*, says the wise man, *is brutish*. "Yea, because I called," (says God himself,) "and ye refused, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." And wilt not thou yet take warning, wilt thou to the end reject the very first exhortation of our church, wilt thou go on cloaking and dissembling thy sins before the face of the Almighty God? O if, notwithstanding my repeated endeavours to awaken thee, thou

persistest and diest at last in this impenitency : remember me, sinner, when I stand at the bar of God, when the Lord maketh inquisition for blood, and the burning fiery furnace of his eternal wrath is heated seven times more for false teachers, who by healing lightly the wound of the daughter of God's people betray souls into endless ruin, appear as a witness in my behalf, and from the midst of everlasting burnings, let thy parched tongue send forth some such words as these :—"Let not my teacher come into this place of torment, condemn him not on my account, I clear him, Lord, I clear him ; he brought me thy messages, whether I would hear or whether I would forbear ; he warned me of my rebellion against thee, and told me that these endless horrors would be my portion, if I stiffened my neck and hardened my heart ; but I set at nought all his counsels, and would none of his reproofs." Yes, sinner, despise me *here* if thou wilt, and wonder why I urge thee so much to consider the things that belong to thy peace, before they be hid from thine eyes ; call me *here* an enthusiast, and laugh at the concern I feel for thy perishing soul. But *hereafter* thou wilt do me justice, clear me before the Lord Jesus, and acknowledge that thy blood is upon thine own head, that thou art undone because thou wouldst be undone, because thou wouldst take neither warning nor reproof.

Yet if now thou art not quite given up to a reprobate mind ; if thy stupid conscience is not entirely past feeling ; if thy worldly soul is yet accessible to some touches of Divine grace, some motions of God's Spirit ; if thou yet desirest to arise and return to thy long-despised Father, to that God from whom thou hast so deeply revolted ; if this very day that thou hearest his warning voice, and hardenest not thy heart, though thou hast been hitherto most rebellious, he will yet shew thee mercy. Rend, O rend, your careless hearts, and not your garments, for why will ye die, O house of Israel ? Hath the Lord any pleasure in the death of him that dieth ? Does not such an one die because *he will* die ? because he *will* not turn to the Lord with weeping, fasting, and praying ; because he *will* not be delivered from the world, the flesh, and the devil ; because he will not be presented to God as a chaste virgin in Christ. "Ye will not come unto me," said once that dear Saviour, "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life ;" and shall we still give him room to complain in heaven as he did when on earth, or shall we know the time of our visitation, and hasten to him with all our aggravated guilt ? If we choose this better part, as the Lord liveth we shall find him most willing and able to pardon our sins, and sanctify our nature, to create in us clean hearts, and renew right spirits within us ; which may God grant unto us all, for his mercy's sake !

Biography.

For the Methodist Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF REV. AURORA SEAGER.

AURORA SEAGER, the third son of Mr. Micah Seager, was born in Simsbury, Connecticut, Feb. 21, 1795. From his journal and letters we extract principally the following memoir.

"From early childhood I was seriously impressed with a sense of future rewards and punishments, and I early acquired a predilection for the principles and duties of the Christian religion; and I conceived I might secure the happiness and escape the misery which I had been taught to believe would be the consequence of a virtuous, or a vicious life. I took much delight in reading the Bible, and was also particularly fond of books which described in language suited to my capacity, the character of Christ,—his mission, sufferings, and death,—his resurrection and ascension;—and the happiness of those who should follow him and be made partakers of his glory. The impressions which these subjects made on my mind at that early period will never be erased." He next speaks of some especial seasons of melting impressions in 1805, when about eleven years of age.—"The sensations which then flowed from my inmost soul are still fresh in my memory. I was walking in the field just at evening, when I was visited by such a sense of God's love in giving his Son to die, together with the unparalleled love and condescension of the blessed Redeemer in giving himself a sacrifice for guilty man, that I gave vent to my feelings in a flow of tears. I clearly saw that he died for me, and my heart reproached me for my impious ingratitude to the author of this unspeakable gift." But as yet he had not understood the necessity of regeneration, consequently his impressions were short lived, and being surrounded by vain company, he made very little proficiency in a religious course. For two or three years he continued his endeavours to be religious, struggling with the powerful and unsubdued propensities of his fallen nature.—Sometimes resolving to do better, then again overcome by youthful vanity, till at length he was tempted to fear that he had sinned beyond pardon. His temptations became powerful, and almost constant, insomuch that he feared to be alone lest he should meet with some infernal spirit, or even to go to sleep lest he should awake in a world of misery.

He speaks of being much derided in the summer of 1807 by the wild youth who were his associates; and even the old lady with whom he lived, would sometimes exclaim, "I really be-

lieve Aurora will get to be a separate, (a cant word for Baptist.) Thus he endured the scoffs of the irreligious without enjoying the comforts of religion himself. At this time he seems to have felt the want of religious society, and especially of religious instruction. For "I still rested (he observes) in the deeds of the law, and my utter inability to perform any part of its requirement kept me in continual condemnation and bondage. O how beneficial would a little suitable instruction then have been. But I did not hear the way clearly pointed out, even from the pulpit. The discourses which I heard were as little real benefit to me as the following would be in a parallel case. A man sees another starving, he compassionates the unfortunate sufferer, and attempts to relieve him by expatiating largely on the nature and quality of food, adding, that provision will assuredly restore him to health and strength, yet he shews him no way to obtain it. Of what service is it to an inquiring soul to hear of the joys and glory of Heaven, without plain directions how he may obtain a conscious assurance of a title to that blessed state."

The 1st of December, about 1809, he went to Hartford in order to attend the Grammar School, where he remained till May, 1811. His thirst for science induced him to apply with the utmost assiduity to his studies. For seeing so many of his age whose opportunities for science had been greater than his own, especially in classical literature, his ambition was greatly excited. He therefore resolved to acquaint himself with the languages, and thus place himself on a level, if possible, with those of his own age, whom he saw so far before him in education. "Every solicitude" (he adds) "was absorbed in this desire, of one day becoming great and learned; and I applied myself entirely to study, improving every moment which my opportunity afforded me; insomuch, that I spent but two evenings in any other employment during my abode in that place," which probably was about fifteen months. "This panting for distinction in the literary world, left little room in my mind for the concerns of futurity. Many professors of godliness too, for whom I had a peculiar regard, were notorious pleasure takers; of which there was a conspicuous example in the mistress of the family in which I boarded. The placid smoothness of her air,—the affability and dignity of her manners,—with the gentleness and sweetness of temper which were apparent in her outward deportment, gave me a high respect for her character, and an exalted opinion of her piety and virtue. This worthy lady was a member of the church. She instructed those under her care in the duties of religion, and taught each a form of prayer, which, according to her directions, we severally used. Yet, she was fond of pageantry and pleasure, and taught that the public diversions were innocent

and harmless. This eventually led to indulgences, which are so pleasing to the carnal mind, and for which we had so splendid an example. Though worldly amusements may consist with the *form*, it is evident they are inconsistent with the *power* of godliness." Here his religious impressions appear to have received a fatal check.

While at Hartford Aurora received many marks of attention and kindness, particularly from the worthy family with whom he boarded; and he would gladly have continued in school there, but in obedience to his father's instructions he left Hartford, and took a school in Barkhamsted,—thence he went to Phelps, Ontario county, New York, to which place his father soon after removed. Here he also engaged as a teacher in a school. On his arrival at Phelps in 1812, it appears he had considerably thrown off the restraints of religion, and indulged in the fashionable amusements of the gay, and particularly in that of dancing, of which he became immoderately fond.

In this new situation he found himself surrounded by Methodists; but these people he despised in his heart, and declared he believed it wrong to attend their meetings, especially on the Lord's day. "My avowed opinion was, he remarks, that theirs was not the worship, but the mockery of God; but I was surprised to find that several of these fanatics, as I called them, died in full assurance of faith, manifesting in their last moments, the same rapturous joy, which I before thought was either hypocritical dissimulation, or religious phrenzy. Here I called philosophy to my aid; they may be under divine influence in their last moments, but have repented of their former rashness. But here a difficulty arose, how is it, thought I, that they manifest no signs of repentance, if what they professed before, was dissimulation, or delusion of the devil? On the contrary, the nearer they approach to eternity, the more *extatic* they are." To these plain facts he evaded an answer, for, as he says, he "did not wish to be convinced." He continues, "I pursued my favourite amusement of dancing without much check till the latter part of the year 1814, when I began again to entertain some scruples of its propriety." But his thoughts of amendment were soon forgotten, for though he sometimes went to these amusements with reluctance, yet, when he came into company he was in as high spirits as any of them.

About this time, he speaks of "falling into other vices," which he deeply deplores. He "became passionate, and in any perplexity, he would almost involuntarily utter some thoughtless and wicked imprecation;" though he was careful not to expose himself in the presence of others; for he "considered such language to be inconsistent with the character of a gentleman." At length he became so shocked by the frequency in

which he was betrayed into this vice, that he resolved to renounce it wholly ;” and which resolution, by the grace of God, (he adds) I have maintained ever since.” He also deplores a habit of *jesting*, which he thinks is nearly allied to duplicity, and which he calls “a most detestable vice.”

On a more familiar acquaintance with the Methodists, he found them other than he had judged them to be. Yet, he acknowledged he despised them, and felt much vanity in being thought above them.

On the 21st of Februray, 1815, being twenty years of age, at sun-rise he went into his school-room for the purpose of reflection. He considered that twenty years of his life had gone to waste without having accomplished any thing to purpose ; and of all his convictions, resolutions of amendment, studies and amusements, “nothing was left but disappointment, disgust, and remorse.” He now entered into several resolutions for the better regulation of his future life. These stand recorded on his journal, and are comprised in two things, First, To devote himself to the service of God in a virtuous and pious course ; Second, To devote his time to study, and to the means of obtaining useful knowledge. The last he purposed to pursue for the first five years, after which, should his life be continued, he designed to settle himself for life. Such was the scheme of life which he fondly contemplated. But he soon swerved again from his *pious* resolution. He had again engaged in the fashionable amusement of dancing, and this he had already pitched on as his winter’s amusement. Nor was he willing to be convinced that it was wrong. “Thus (he observes) did I strive to serve God and Mammon. But I found this task every day to grow more and more hard ; and this maxim to be a true one, that ‘sinning will make one leave praying, and praying will make one leave sinning.’ But which should I give up ? my religious duties, or my carnal pleasures ? To leave my gay company I could not ; and to give up my prayers I dare not. Thus I continued to be agitated by contending emotions of conviction, and natural propensity ; each at times preponderating, till at length I came to this conclusion, that after the *term* for which I had engaged in these amusements should expire, I would give them up. The time at length arrived, but no sooner did I leave this fashionable folly, than I went into another extreme, which equally drew my attention from the ‘*one thing needful.*’ ” In his favourite pursuit for the attainment of knowledge, he sacrificed his religious duties. With renewed ardour he commenced the study of the Latin, intending to pursue this till he should also acquire a knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew. Three hours in the morning, one at noon, and two at night, was the time he spent in the study of the Latin, and he often spent much

more time than this in the day, beside the time he devoted to his school, which was about seven hours. "My task, according to my own appointment, was to commit ten pages of the Latin Grammar, but I sometimes committed fifteen, and even twenty pages in a day;" and at the close of each week he went twelve miles to repeat his lessons to his instructor. "Thus," (he adds,) "I continued my studies night and day (for sleep many times fled from my eyes) till in a few weeks, I began to translate into English. In the meantime, I frequently recurred to my daily journal, where I found my pious resolutions condemned me; for there was much theory laid down, but little practice; whereupon, I formed new resolutions, from time to time, and compared my walk with them."

Thus far we have seen the exercises of Aurora's mind. Enlightened and impressed from childhood. Frequently arrested by awakenings of conscience; but as often borne away by false principle, ill example, and the powerful current of natural inclination. Again he is followed by the calls of truth and mercy, and again he is betrayed by the pride and vanity of ambitious motives. He is serious and prayerful, but is tempted by Satan, and derided by the vain and ungodly. His statements are plain and ingenuous, and portray the darkest side of man, namely, the exercises and motives of the unrenewed heart. His friends and acquaintances would have given a different view of him, because they would have judged according to appearance. His demeanour was always considered to be amiable; for his spirit was meek, and his words few and considerate. And though he mentions a habit of profanity, this was unknown to his intimate acquaintances, and he was looked upon as a pattern of excellence in word and behaviour.

(To be Continued.)

Scripture Illustrated.

From the London Methodist Magazine.

ILLUSTRATION OF LUKE XXIII. 45, "*The Sun was darkened.*"

"Behold! what wonders mark his death:
Whence are these prodigies! What but the hand
Of God can shake the pillars of the earth,
Seal up the sun, and rend these rocks in twain,
Turn day to night, tear down the temple's vail,
Break up the graves, and bid the saints come forth!"

Of all the miracles recorded in Scripture, none more deserves our attention, or perhaps is less regarded, than the eclipse that

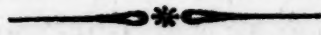
happened at the death of CHRIST. This eclipse was astonishing beyond conception, and could only be produced by preternatural agency. For we may learn from the Sacred Writings, that the moon was full, and consequently there could be no regular eclipse of the sun at that time, yet the darkness was great, and all nature seemed to be in convulsions. We find the fact noticed by several philosophers and historians of those times. It was observed by Lucian, by Phlegon, the freed-man of the Emperor Adrian, by Dionysius, and by Philemon in Egypt, who, in particular, was so struck with this surprising phenomenon, that he cried out in the utmost astonishment, "Either the world is destroyed, or the God of nature suffers."

That this darkness was preternatural, and not occasioned by the conjunction or opposition of any of the heavenly bodies, as some, through ignorance, have supposed, I shall endeavour to shew, as it is as capable of a mathematical demonstration as any proposition in EUCLID.

First, then, an eclipse may be of two kinds, either solar or lunar. A solar eclipse, or what is commonly called an eclipse of the sun, is occasioned by the interposition of the opaque body of the moon between the earth and the sun, and can happen only when the moon is new. As the moon passes between the earth and the sun, if she hide the whole body of the sun from us, it is called a total eclipse; when she hides only part of the sun, it is called a partial eclipse. A lunar eclipse is occasioned by the interposition of the earth between the moon and the sun, whose shadow then often falls on the moon, and deprives her of light; this can happen only when the moon is in opposition to the sun, or full.

Now it is plain, that, had the moon been new when CHRIST suffered, the darkness would not have been so wonderful, as the sun might then possibly have been eclipsed. But the moon, as I before observed, was full, and consequently in the opposite part of her orbit; had there been any eclipse at that time, it must have been a lunar one, and even that would have been invisible at Jerusalem. It is thus demonstrated that the moon could not cause the darkness; and as it is known from experience, that there is no other planet between the earth and the sun capable of eclipsing that glorious luminary, we must pronounce that the darkness which happened at the death of CHRIST was a phenomenon not to be accounted for in any other way than by the interference of infinite power and wisdom! The sun cannot be darkened but by the interposition of some opaque body, or a miracle from God. The sun was darkened without the interposition of any opaque body: Therefore, that darkness must immediately arise from the agency of God.

Such was one among the many miracles which attended the death of Him, at whose presence the pillars of heaven tremble, the sun and stars fade away, the earth melts, and the deep-rooted mountains are no more; and whom, ere long, we shall behold coming clothed with majesty on the clouds of heaven, to reward every man according to his works!



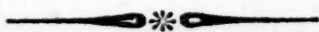
The Attributes of God Displayed.



THE CROCODILE.

THE alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown (says Bartram) is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water.—I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, or squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head by means of the prominence of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance.—But what is yet more surprising to a stranger is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble;

and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated.—An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake, or lagoon, (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about) darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself, by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke.—At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war.—BARTRAM'S Travels in North America.



The Grace of God Manifested.



For the Methodist Magazine.

MEMOIR OF MRS. DOLSON.

ELIZABETH RIDLEY, (this was her maiden name) was born of respectable parents in Detroit, 1st of January 1785. Her father was an English Merchant, but dying when Elizabeth was young, the care of her education devolved on her mother, who being a member of the Roman Catholic Church took much pains to have the mind of her daughter early imbued with the tenets of that Church. At this period, and for a long time after, the inhabitants of the Detroit country (then principally French) had no means of religious instruction, except from the Romish clergy, who have taken very little pains to cultivate even the lower branches of literature among the people of their charge. The consequence was that great ignorance prevailed, so that very few of the common people knew any thing about reading. A happy exception it was Elizabeth's good fortune to enjoy, for she was taught to read, and the fluency which she acquired in reading the French marked her superior genius, and which, with other circumstances of improvement, shewed her possessed of a capacity beyond the ordinary children of her age.

She remained in the belief and practice of all the tenets of the Roman Catholic Religion till the age of fifteen, when she was married to John Dolson, Esq. and settled on the river Thames, where she spent the remainder of her life. After her marriage she was instructed by her husband to read the English, which gave her access to the Bible; and in which she took much delight. As she read the word of God she compared with it the articles of her faith, and was surprised to find that the Bible seemed to condemn some of them.

As she took a deliberate and leisurely review of the Articles of her faith, she became more and more convinced that some of them were inconsistent with the word of God, and with sound reason. The first of which she doubted was the practice of praying to saints and angels. These she thought are created beings as well as ourselves, and are principally employed around the Throne of God. Their knowledge therefore must be principally of a heavenly nature. How then shall I know that any of them are acquainted with my wants. If, indeed, God please to send them to minister to his saints on earth, how shall I know which of them to pray to, unless I may know which of them is commissioned to minister unto me? But this is nowhere revealed! But if I knew this, is it not *God alone* "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," "and there is but one God and but one Mediator between God and men." Thus she thought, and thus she reasoned in her inquiries after the great truths of her salvation. In the Bible she also read this awful prohibition, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,"—"Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God. Exodus xx. 5, 6.

But notwithstanding the discovery of these errors in her Church of praying to saints and angels, and bowing down to images, yet she had no idea of leaving the communion in which she had been raised, for she had strong prejudices against every system but that of Roman Catholic. Such was the sanctity which she attached to the *name* that she thought every thing else in religion must be wrong; not considering that it was *truth*, and not the outward appearance or name that unfolds the kingdom of Christ to the believer. Indeed, when the *force* of education is considered, this is not to be wondered at.—Even the apostles of our Lord were so prepossessed in favour of the errors prevailing among the Jews, that Christ's kingdom was to be a temporal one, that it was not till after his resurrection, that they understood that his kingdom cometh not with observation (in outward appearance) but that it would be established in the power of the Spirit, producing "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Mrs. Dolson, however, as

yet enjoyed no means by which her prejudices might be removed. For though the settlement on the river Thames was made soon after the American Revolution, and consisted principally of English inhabitants, yet it was more than twenty years before any religious society was formed, and but rarely that the people had the opportunity of hearing a protestant sermon.—The consequence was that a careless indifference about all religion was manifest throughout the settlement, and few if any in the acquaintance of Mrs. Dolson knew any thing of experimental religion. The deep depravity of the heart—and consequently the importance of the new-birth—justification by faith in the atonement made by Jesus Christ—a sense of pardon by the witness of the Spirit—the consolations of the Holy Comforter, and victory over sin and the fear of death—These precious truths and privileges of the gospel she had never heard properly stated and enforced. Doubting many things in the system of her own religion, and being dissatisfied with her own state, she was at times greatly troubled, and related the trials of her mind to her husband, adding, “If I am wrong I hope God will by some providential event shew me my errors and the way to amend.”

I must here be indulged in a little digression, that the reader may perceive that God is not unmindful of those who sincerely desire to know him, and the way which the Great Shepherd takes to lead the sincere inquirer to his own fold.

The destitute state of Canada had, twenty years before, excited the attention and Christian sympathy of the New-York Conference, and missionaries had been sent out by Bishop Asbury into almost all the settlements in the Upper Province; but from its remote and insulated situation (being nearly eight hundred miles from New-York, and separated by a wilderness from any other settlement) this part of the country remained unsupplied, though for years several of our preachers had felt the spiritual interest of this people deeply impressed on their minds. At length, such was the concern felt by one of our brethren for the salvation of these people, that in the spring of 1809* he wrote Bishop Asbury on the state of the country, and offered his services at the ensuing Conference. Accordingly, at the New-York Conference in May, he was appointed as a Missionary to the Detroit country. He arrived on this river in July 1809. At first

* This writer is under a mistake in respect to the time when this settlement was first visited by a Methodist Missionary. In 1805, four years previous to the time when the Missionary above referred to went there, a Methodist preacher, under the sanction of Bishop Asbury, volunteered his services, and actually visited that settlement; and he continued with them about four months, faithfully preaching in every town and neighbourhood where the English language was spoken; and that with no little satisfaction to himself, and profit to the people.

he had little hope of success, for in travelling through the settlements he found that great ignorance of the nature of religion pervaded all ranks, and in some places the grossest immoralities were practised. A view of these things afforded but a gloomy prospect, and the heart of our Missionary was greatly affected with the moral condition of the people. Prejudices too, had been formed by various false reports unfavourable to the Methodists, so that in the commencement he had no small difficulties to encounter. But by a patient perseverance in duty, and by a conciliatory address, prejudices gave way, and the friendship and affection of the people generally were gained. Mrs. Dolson, however, with some others, remained prepossessed against the Methodists, and she supposed it wrong (from the reports she had heard) to shew them any countenance. At length she was prevailed on to hear for herself. The doctrine of the preacher she could not but assent to: it was the language of scripture, and the advice was suited to her case. From this time her prejudices gave way, she became more and more alarmed at her sinfulness. Her awakened mind now felt the importance of this question, and the inquiry became her own, "What shall I do to be saved?" This question was soon solved, Jesus Christ was set forth as the only Mediator, and as one altogether willing and able to save to the uttermost. Having given up the mediation of saints and angels, she now began earnestly to pray to God for his mercy through Jesus Christ who died for sinners. She did not long mourn for him who was waiting to be gracious. She was soon enabled to cast her burden on the Lord. In his all-sufficiency to save from guilt and sin, she found that "peace which is like a river," and her joy in the Holy Ghost became unspeakable. Thus, notwithstanding the strong prejudices she had imbibed, the impressions which the first discourse made upon her mind were lasting and led to a happy conversion. She now remembered her former desire and prayer that God would show her all her errors, and lead her into the way of truth. She believed her petitions were answered, and that her heavenly father would now guide her in a scriptural and consistent way of serving Him. After her conversion the Bible became her closet companion, and she read the blessed truths of her salvation with tears of gratitude and joy.

The change which was wrought on the mind of sister Dolson was remarkably manifest in her whole deportment. Her conscientious observance of all the duties of religion—the advances she made in Christian experience, as well as the Christian benevolence she always shewed towards the poor and the suffering, were highly creditable to religion, and tended much to establish and confirm the truths of the gospel among her neighbours and friends. Our Missionary having fulfilled his

station for the year, returned to his Conference and received his appointment to another station; and being myself appointed to the Detroit circuit, as it was then called, I became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Dolson, and had the best opportunity of witnessing those Christian excellencies which rendered her so deservedly beloved and esteemed by her pious friends, and which shone conspicuously through a course of painful affliction. After her conversion she began to prove the truth of our Saviour's words to his disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but she endured as seeing him who is invisible, and at last overcame with a triumphant victory.

(To be concluded in the next.)

THE CONVERTED JEW.

We heard the following affecting anecdote related at a religious meeting, a few days since, and have no doubt of its authenticity.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

TRAVELLING lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his countenance. He was well dressed, his countenance was noble; I thought it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him—"Sir, am I correct? am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The substance of his narrative was as follows.

He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London; and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe, and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty as a mantle; but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several different languages; and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder, then, that a doting father, whose head had

now become sprinkled with gray, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love, especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented it with an ornament.

It was not long ago that this daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but seldom spoke but by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the sorrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand—"My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know I love you—that you are more dear to me than the whole world beside!" "But, father, do you *love* me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? have I never given you any proofs of my love?" "But, my dearest father, *do* you love me?" The father could not answer; the child added, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request—O, my father, it is the *dying* request of your daughter—will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted: I *will* grant it." "My dear father, *I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!*" The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him. And now, my father, do not deny me; I beg that you will *never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth!* I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him; and I pray you may know him; and when I am no more, you may bestow on him, the love that was formerly mine!"

The exertion here overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She stopped; and the father's heart was too full even for tears.

He left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. This he read; and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb!

Miscellaneous.

For the Methodist Magazine.

ON THE RIGHT USE OF WORDS.

How many disputes have originated from a misunderstanding, and a misapplication of terms! In every art and science, there are terms used which may be considered the *technicals* of the art or science, and therefore have an appropriate and fixed meaning. When the sense affixed to these terms is generally understood, and they are so used by every writer and speaker, ambiguity and perplexity are avoided. If, however, any of these terms is used in a peculiar sense, that sense ought to be accurately defined.

In Divinity, how many controversies have arisen from the use of the words, *Predestination*, *Election*, *ordination*, *condition*, *perseverance*, *justification*, and *Perfection*, principally because the authors have not accurately defined the sense in which they have used those very emphatical words? As all these terms are scriptural, but are used by different writers on theology in a variety of senses, to avoid verbal disputations, every writer should, not only have clear and definite ideas of such like terms himself, but he should inform his readers what those ideas are; and, to avoid ambiguity on the one hand, and error on the other, he should ascertain their scriptural meaning, and then express that meaning in clear and unequivocal language; or if he use any term in a sense peculiar to himself, let him define, in unambiguous language, the sense in which he uses it. But a needless departure from the common and established acceptation of words, is an anomaly which ought not to be tolerated.

Perhaps among the various terms which have been used in Divinity, no one has given greater offence, nor been more frequently misapplied, when used as an emphatical term, than *Perfection*. But let us examine the meaning of this word, and then see if we cannot find a definition which will justify its use.

ΤΕΛΩ, from τέλος, signifies to *end*, to *fulfil*, to *complete*, and to *finish*, and in its various applications in scripture, where it is justly rendered to *perfect*, it signifies the *completion*, *perfection*, or *finishing* of the things or subjects under consideration.

Having thus ascertained the primary signification of this most expressive term, let us see if we can find such a definition as will admit of a general application. Suppose then we say that any thing is *perfect* which answers the *end* for which it was made. It is believed that this definition will apply universally. Thus, it is said, when God *finished*, *completed*, or *perfected* the work of creation, He saw that it was *all very good*—that is, He saw every part of His work was so *complete*, so *perfectly finished*, that it answered the *end* for which he had brought it into existence.

We may apply this definition to any subject, and it will hold good. The pen with which I write, answering its end, is a perfect pen. Those members of my body, which answer the end for which they were given me, are perfect. A government, formed for the preservation of the good order of society, answering that end, is a perfect government. Any particular law, accomplishing the end for which it was enacted, is a perfect law. Hence the law of God is denominated *perfect*, because it perfectly accomplishes the designs of God in making it known. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a complete system, perfect in all its parts, because it fully answers the great and benevolent intentions of its sacred Author. The sun, moon, and stars, all answering the great designs of their Creator, are all perfect in their order. And so you may apply the above definition to whatever subject you please, and it will hold good. The only inquiry, therefore, in order to ascertain whether any thing be perfect or not, is to find out for what end it exists, and if it answer that end, you may then pronounce it perfect. But if, on examination, you find any thing that does not answer its end,—and this is the case with many things of man's make—you must pronounce it imperfect; and hence infer some defect in the maker.

(To be Continued.)

Extract of a Letter from Miss S. to her friend in the Country.

New-York, June 1, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE sensible pleasure realized in communicating thoughts with freedom to a friend, is better felt than described; but the heart that reciprocates with equal warmth understands each delicate emotion: and my friend will not be surprised to hear me say this reciprocal pleasure constitutes the highest of earth-

ly felicities. If there is any state in society on which spiritual intelligences look down with complacency and delight, it is when this privilege is enjoyed, and duly appreciated. When the mind, purified from its natural turpitude, becomes qualified by divine grace to receive more extensive views and exalted ideas of the Supreme Being; when we contemplate His attributes, and discover the relation in which we stand to him, and to those to whom we are united by Christian fellowship—it is then, and not till then, we act according to the true dignity of our nature. If happiness is found on earth, it is from this source; for no external object, however agreeable in itself, is capable of contributing to our felicity, unless sanctified by, and presented to us through the medium of that eternal spirit which penetrates and pervades all things. There is, indeed, no state of society so exalted by civil or religious privileges, as to free us from those natural evils incident to man, who has his foundation in the dust. Yet, notwithstanding all the outward calamities and inward trials to which we are continually exposed, they have not power to destroy our peace, while our will and passions are under the dominion of grace, sweetly harmonizing in the dispensations of that infinite wisdom which has so ingeniously ordered our circumstances, as to adapt them to the peculiar frame of our minds, to try, prove, or comfort us; so that nothing should be left on His part which might serve as means to engage our affections by alienating them from earth, and placing them undividedly on Him.

I feel a sudden glow of animation, while I take into consideration this system of divinity, emanating from one in whom all its excellencies shone with unrivalled splendour, in whom the human and divine characters were united. What a model for us to imitate!—I feel encouraged to seek for all those virtues which add beauty and strength to the mind, and prepare it for the fellowship of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect!

God has promised to give his Spirit liberally to all who ask him, that they may behold whatever is beautiful and lovely in his sight. It is true that the views of a finite mind are somewhat limited in this world; but when that selfish principle which glues man to the earth, and shuts him within the narrow precincts of his own shell, confining his wishes to the boundaries of time, is destroyed, he looks forth from his window, penetrates far above the visible horizon, and discovers other suns than that which enlightens our world.

I expect my friend is now enjoying the salubrious air of the country, refreshed by the delightful fragrance which the balmy breath of spring yields. Your pleasures live in my imagination. If disengaged, I behold you walking forth to respire upon the

open theatre of creation, surrounded by the beautified scenery which nature unfolds, to contemplate the perfections of him

“Who is dimly seen in these his lower works.”

Inspired by the love of devotion, I perceive you wandering alone to breathe the effusions of a heart susceptible to the lively emotions of gratitude and love. If spirit operates upon spirit through the medium of the pen, I am sure mine must upon yours. Yes, were it possible, I would so touch the spring of feeling, as should arouse you into the most delightful enthusiasm in praising Him who displays His beauty and perfections throughout the visible world.

Conscious of integrity, you enjoy the pleasures of the present season uninterrupted—not a breeze, but revives your spirits and invigorates your mind—not a ray of light which tinges the blue wave, or gilds the majestic and lofty mountain, but awakens sentiments of gratitude in your breast, and inspires a love of devotion. S.

For the Methodist Magazine.

FARTHER OBSERVATIONS ON CONSISTENCY OF CHARACTER.

BENDING over the altar of my God, I offer to Him the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. From this solemn act of devotion, I rise with increased ardour for the pursuit of every thing spiritual and durable. Having, in this near approach to the Deity, contemplated the perfections of His august character, all my powers are prostrated before Him. These perfections, I apprehend to be the glory of his character: In the contemplation of which, I am overpowered with profound adoration. With my mind tuned to the softest notes of solemn and delightful devotion, while in the presence of such a Being, I form to myself resolutions not to suffer the busy concerns of life, and the fleeting objects of sense, to disturb the sweet harmony which pervades all my intellectual powers. The sun by day, the moon and stars by night, and all the variegated scenery of nature, diversified by thousands of animated and inanimated beings, to me only exhibit the glorious perfections of Him whom I adore as my Lord, and as the Lord of all these things. Filled with pleasing astonishment at these surrounding wonders, I again silently bow, and, for the want of language to express my feelings, I offer to him the mute praise of my heart. *Groanings which cannot be uttered* heave my breast, and throw up my sighs to the throne of God. Oh, say I to myself, could I remain in such a frame as this! But even this involuntary aspiration is suddenly interrupted, either by a rap at my door, or by a silent

monitor, which reminds me that I am a social being, and that therefore society have a claim upon my attention. Like most others, I am surrounded by a family, a wife whom I tenderly love, with a helpless babe in her arms, another just beginning to lisp, and others—ah! all—how many soever they may be—dependent upon my industry for their daily food, and looking to me for those fatherly instructions and restraints which are needful to direct their steps in life. Here, then, I am called off from that mental abstraction which afforded me such a pleasing reverie, and my attention is divided between a great variety of objects, all of which have a claim upon my time and talent.

But does this distract my mind? O no. I still see God in them all. How is my heart affected at the sight of those dear pledges of conjugal love. I view them as so many emanations of Deity, in whom, perhaps, I may yet see a miniature resemblance of my God. And even this thought inspires a sudden ejaculation. O Thou restorer of man! Bless these images of myself—and restore unto them that image of *thysself* in which their great progenitor was created. In this, therefore, my mind is tuned to devotion.

But while following this train of thought a few days ago, my attention was suddenly arrested by the voice of a friend of mankind—I will not call him *my* particular friend, lest I should seem to arrogate something to myself which others do not enjoy—who entertained me with the following observations. The energy with which he spoke proclaimed the sincerity of his heart.

“To speak the *truth*,” said he, “is one thing, and to speak the truth in *love*, is quite another. Many boast of their honesty in speaking truth, and, as they say, being plain hearted, who, were they candidly to examine their own hearts, might find themselves inexcusably deficient in that royal grace of the Holy Spirit, namely *love*. Truth is like a sharp, inflexible sword, which, if not tempered in the oil of love, may inflict incurable wounds, even upon the fair reputation of the innocent. Its imperious demands may be granted, while its injured rights are not repaired. He who uses this unbending weapon, without guiding its strokes by a loving hand, acts like an unfeeling conqueror, who devours all before him merely because fortune has decided in his favour.

“The speaking truth simply, is laudable in itself, while speaking the truth in love, having respect to the motive and tendency of the act, is worthy of all praise. This combines the good of the person speaking, and the person spoken of or to together.” “And why should I,” added he, “be negligent of myself, or heedless of the reputation of my neighbour, while attempting to correct his faults by the strokes of truth? To

act from an improper motive is to murder the peace of my own soul, and increases the misery, instead of adding to the happiness, of others. *Honestus* uniformly speaks the truth, whenever he speaks of what he knows. This is commendable. But here lies his error. By a needless exposure of the foibles of others, though in doing it, he does not swerve from the truth, he diminishes their influence, and prevents the good they might otherwise do. This is owing to his want of that pure benevolence, or Christian love, which hides a multitude of sins. For the want of this, there is a secret rejoicing in the iniquity of others, and a thinking of evil where no evil exists.

Another inconsistency into which he is frequently betrayed is, that he suffers his burning indignation against the workers of iniquity to get the better of his judgment, so that in denouncing the penalty of law against them, he manifests an undue warmth of spirit, which causes him to wound deeper than the necessity of the case would require. Now if this just indignation had been tempered with the softening effects of Divine love, he would convince the unhappy delinquents that he seeks their salvation, even while compelled to chastise them for their faults. I blame not the honesty of his heart, nor his zeal for the injured rights of truth; but I blame him for suffering his zeal to carry him beyond the limits of Christian moderation. '*The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.*' There is a bitter zeal, which has done immense mischief in the Church of God, by mingling itself with the flames of angry passions, and exciting men to contend, with furious determination, for matters of minor importance, while they "*neglect the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and the love of God.*"

"I heard this same *Honestus* haranguing the multitude on the impropriety of imitating the gaudy fashions of the world, which are perpetually changing their exterior forms. His theme was good. His sentiments were just. And he expressed himself in terms of severe reprehension, and made many ludicrous remarks upon that ticklish part of man, called the fancy. I recollect, among other things, he compared it to the Camoleon, which assimilates its external appearance to every thing with which it comes in contact; and he even said it resembled the Spaniel's tail, turning itself in every direction, without any determinate end in view, merely because the wind of fashion happened to blow in that direction. Now, he was perfectly justifiable in condemning the conduct of those who thus change their outward covering, to conform to the ever-varying tide of fashion; but the asperity of his spirit, and the vulgarity of some of his expressions, were as offensive to the good taste of his audience, as was the disgusting practice he so loudly condemned; and therefore his animadversions were not calculated

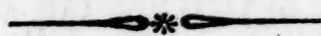
to correct the evil he deprecated, nor to accomplish the good he wished. Had that tender affection which divine love calls into action, manifested itself in his spirit, and a correct taste evinced itself in his words, his honest intentions and scriptural sentiments, would have been shielded from any just criticism. For this overflowing affection of the soul, nothing can serve as a substitute. And even its expression should be clothed in language, chaste, simple, and dignified. In this, then, consists his inconsistency; while professing the highest veneration for that religion whose characteristic distinction, nay, whose very essence, is love, he evinces its destitution in his own heart."

"I do not," continued this judicious observer of men's conduct, "approve of that squeamish disposition, which prompts its possessor to a perpetual round of censure. The indulgence of this fastidious passion is productive of much uneasiness in the breast of him who is actuated by it, and promotes much of strife among those who are the objects of its remarks. True criticism has for its object the reformation of mankind, in words and actions, and is as much concerned to draw a veil over unimportant blemishes, which are the mere effect of inadvertence, or the want of that nice observance of time and place which can only be acquired by mature experience, as it is to condemn those deviations from rectitude and propriety, which originate either from wickedness or ignorance; and while it unsheaths its sword to pierce the heart of the deliberate transgressor, it carries a healing balsam to assuage the pains it may have occasioned in the penitent heart; and presents a cordial to those, who, while aiming to do well, meet with discouragements from a sense of their many imperfections."

"Now," added he, "for the want of that tender sympathy which divine love creates, *Honestus* frequently wounds where he ought to heal, blames where he ought to apologize, and harshly censures those over whom he ought to throw the mantle of charity. The native roughness of his disposition has not been sufficiently corrected by that refinement which is effected by Divine grace and manly science. Hence those who are not so intimately acquainted with him as to duly appreciate the honesty of his intentions, contract a disrelish for his society; and, while they question the purity of his motives, reject his honest admonitions."

On hearing the closing sentence of this discourse, I could not help sighing for the manifest inconsistencies of my fellow men. I felt willing to associate myself with those who are surrounded with numerous infirmities; and therefore to sympathize with them in their hapless condition. One reflection passed my mind which caused much consolation. It was this,—What a merciful High Priest have we to deal with; *who can be touch-*

ed with the feeling of our infirmities! who bears with the frailties of his creatures, and pardons their offences! This reflection turned my mind again to devotion, and I was involuntarily led to adore once more the God of my salvation for having provided such a suitable remedy for the evils of our fallen natures. And, from the whole, I drew this conclusion,—If our heavenly Father manifests such forbearance towards us, surely we ought to have patience one with another.



Religious and Missionary Intelligence.



For the Methodist Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF A CAMP-MEETING HELD ON LONG-ISLAND, NEW-YORK STATE, FROM THE 7TH TO THE 13TH OF AUGUST, 1821.

THE first day was spent principally in landing and erecting the tents. On Wednesday, there were an usual number assembled from New-York, New-Haven, and from various parts of the country. At one time there were counted 37 sloops in the harbour, besides two steam-boats from the city, one of which was coming and returning every day during the meeting. On one day, it was judged that there were not less than 10,000 people on the ground.

The solemn exercises commenced under very favourable auspices, a spirit of solemnity and fervent devotion pervading the assembly. At 10 o'clock, P. M. most of the people obeyed the summons, and retired to rest, and the ground was cleared of stragglers. The united prayers of so many kindred souls, who were apparently aiming at the same things, could not but afford anticipations of the Divine power in the awakening and conversion of souls. Accordingly, on the second day of the meeting, some gave evidence of their desire to escape from their sins and lay hold on eternal life. These became the subjects of prayer; and many of God's people were engaged in this laborious and delightful exercise. That God heard their prayers, was manifested by the songs of praise which were heard in the Camp.

In this way the meeting progressed, evidently under the "good will of Him who dwelt in the bush," until the last night, when a more manifest appearance of the IMMANUEL was witnessed. By this time many sinners were deeply wounded by the "sword of the Spirit," and brought to cry aloud for mercy. In addition to a large praying circle which was formed on the ground in the open air, in which hundreds were engaged in

singing and prayer, there were several prayer-meetings in tents. In all these there were more or less of mourning penitents, earnestly groaning for deliverance from the bondage of corruption. Several of these, in the course of the evening, were enabled to testify that God had taken away their sins. The scene, indeed, was solemn and delightful, beyond description. The burning lamps, the shadowy grove, the surrounding tents, the solemn prayers, the concentrated notes of many voices singing praises to God and the Lamb, and the piercing moans of penitent sinners, excited those mingled emotions, which are better felt than described.

After being a short time in one of the prayer-meetings, about twelve o'clock at night I seated myself at the door of my tent, in a solitary mood, and indulged myself in silent reflections. I had but few interruptions, as all were either engaged in the solemn exercises of the evening, or reposing in their tents under the protection of Him who *never slumbers nor sleeps*.

The pleasing sensations which were excited by surrounding objects, may be realized by those who have been accustomed to ascend through things which are seen to those which are not seen; and in the midst of the most profound contemplation of Him whose perfections spread a glow of uncreated glory amidst the heavens, feel a conscious sense of the communications of His Spirit. To indulge in those speculations which a cold calculating philosophy might suggest, was not at all suited to the place I occupied. The mind at once overleaped the bounds of all material objects, and ranged through those fields of space, unoccupied by all but Him who filleth all in all. A ray of the Divine glory shed such a lustre around, as to eclipse the glory of all created objects, and the mind, as if moved by a secret and irresistible impulse, refused to dwell upon any thing of a terrestrial nature. The God who holds the destinies of worlds in His hands, containing myriads of intellectual beings, all alike the objects of His care, for some moments was the sole object of contemplation.

"All knowing!—all unknown!—and yet well known!
Near, though remote! and, though unfathom'd, felt!
And, though invisible, for ever seen!
And seen in all———

Each flower, each leaf——"

"How shall I name Thee?—How my labouring soul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!"

———"Mighty cause!

Of causes mighty! Cause uncaused! Sole root
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God!"

———"Father of these bright millions of the night,
Of which the least, full Godhead had proclaim'd,
And thrown the gazer on his knee."

How awful was this hour! Abstracted from the world around me, all my powers were lost in the contemplation of Deity. Descending from this lofty summit, where the soul caught fire from the altar of God, my mind was tuned to the harmony of devotion. I listened! The voices of many were heard. They echoed through the grove, and were carried off in pleasing melody on the waves of the surrounding waters. Among others, the voices of mourning sinners, were mingled with the ardent intercessions of God's people. The song of triumph heightened the melody, and gave a zest to the pleasure of contemplation.

The only interruption to this pleasure was, the voice of mirth and blasphemy from the mouths of some sons of belial, who occasionally approached the sacred encampment. A sense of their unhappy state served to moderate my joy, and to excite an involuntary sigh, on account of the folly and madness of thoughtless men. What a pity that any should so far forget their true dignity as to sport with sacred things, and make the worship of God an opportunity for accumulating wealth! The thought, that probably some of these mistaken men might yet become objects of the divine displeasure, spread a temporary gloom over the clear sky now illuminated by the radiant beams from the Sun of Righteousness. This, however, could not last long. Bodies do not tend to the centre by the inscrutable law of gravitation more forcibly, than mind, touched by the attracting love of Jesus Christ, moves towards the heavenly world, and rests, almost with equal tranquillity, as the ocean when unmoved by a breath of wind.

Pursuing, therefore, the train of thought, first excited by that Spirit which breathed into man a living soul, I began to estimate the amount of good which might result from this meeting. The accidental evils, as they originated from the depravity of man, and were brought into operation by those unfriendly to the cause of piety, I could not charge to the account of Camp-Meetings. Upon a fair estimation, therefore, these subtract nothing from the total amount of good. But I had hardly begun the calculation, when a messenger brought the heart-cheering intelligence of the conversion of some youths, who had been long struggling under the mighty load of sin. They were now emancipated. Here, then, are more immortal souls to be taken into the account. How shall I make the estimate? By what rule shall I calculate? The *worth* of a soul is to be the first thing to estimate. But,

"Knowest thou the importance of a soul immortal!
Behold the midnight glory! worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp!"
"One soul outweighs them all!"

If this be so, who can estimate the whole amount of good, when scores of these immortal souls are brought to a saving knowledge of the truth? Baffled thus in my attempts to ascertain the benefit which might result from these solemn exercises, after feasting awhile upon the thought of their eternally praising God for having attended this meeting, I retired, about 2 o'clock in the morning, to rest; but the mind was too eager to suffer "balmy sleep" to sever the chain of thoughts, now stretching around the encampment.

It had already been ascertained that a number of those who had become the subjects of converting grace, were the children of pious parents. With the consent of their parents they had come to this meeting, and were now prepared to return, and "tell how great things the Lord had done for them." The work, however, was not confined to these. Many stout-hearted sinners were brought to tremble, and to supplicate for mercy. How many were awakened, how many converted, and how many were aroused to activity in the cause of Christ, I could not tell.* The influence of these meetings is not restricted to the meetings themselves; but those who are here quickened, carry the sacred fire with them to their neighbourhoods and families, and thus become instrumental of spreading the flame in various directions.

Some objections arose in my mind, which I endeavoured to answer. One of which it may be useful to mention. It is asked, "Are not the passions of the people so excited as to produce extravagances?" This may, indeed, be the case in some instances. But this is not peculiar to Camp-Meetings. In every religious revival these excrescences make their appearance. To lop them off, without wounding the main trunk of piety, requires a nice hand, guided by a prudence which falls to the lot of but few. Time and experience will correct the most of them. It ought to be recollected, however, that a luxuriant growth is proof of a rich soil. But it is to be suspected that many who make this objection, know not what they mean. Passions are some of the constituents of man. He cannot exist without them. Whenever, therefore, he is moved in the pursuit of an object of importance to him, whether it be religion or any thing else, his passions are enlisted. And why should these passions be considered as perfectly harmless when temporary good is the object of pursuit, and only reprehensible when religion is concerned? Sorrow, fear, hatred, love, grief, joy, are all excited, whenever the heart is powerfully moved by the influence of God's Spirit. And the result of this happy influ-

* It might be satisfactory if some method were adopted at our Camp-Meetings to ascertain the number converted.

ence is, when yielded to by the sinner, the fixing his passions upon right objects. They may, it is granted, be carried to excess, and lead the subject of them to indulge in unseemly gestures, and improper expressions; but this excess may be corrected by a judicious application of that discipline which the word of God, under the management of a sober, enlightened judgment, furnishes. After all, how high the flame of divine love may rise, and how diffusive it may become, and how much of that which is deemed irregularity by man, may be considered order in the sight of God, who can tell?

On Saturday morning the meeting closed, and the people returned to their several places of abode, praising God for the exhibitions of His power and goodness.

New-York, Sept. 2, 1821.

REVIVAL OF THE WORK OF GOD IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Savannah, Georgia, August 21, 1821.

To the Editors of the Methodist Magazine.

DEAR BRETHREN,

I TAKE the liberty to transmit to you an account of the revival of God's work in this city, which, if you think proper, you can publish in your useful Miscellany.

J. HOWARD.

For many years Methodism has had its heaviest difficulties to contend with in this unfortunate metropolis; and nothing short of the most inflexible perseverance, could have supported its friends, and buoyed their heads above the swelling tide of despondency.

Since the year 1819, our respectability as a people has been gradually increasing, and the halcyon day has at length arrived, when many have been induced to surrender their flinty hearts to God; that, like the rock of Horeb, they might, when broken by his word, make way for the living spring of piety to flow forth to our adorable Saviour.

Since the 2nd of March, the holy fire has been enkindling, but not until the last month were the sacred sparks blown up to a burning flame. At our last Lovefeast, there were an unusual number of tickets issued. The evening appointed for this meeting was peculiarly inauspicious—torrents of rain had fallen during the day, and the night was wet and gloomy. But notwithstanding all this, our meeting was numerously attended, and its exercises progressed with an uncommon degree of the divine presence. At the close of this ever to be remembered Lovefeast, an offer was made to receive members, when, to our

utter astonishment, twenty-one persons came forward, and offered themselves as candidates for membership in our Church. Among those who thus surrounded God's altar, there were eight promising young men, who appeared before their Maker, in order to dedicate themselves to him in the morning of life. The sight was indeed such an one as was fit for angels to behold, and one on which heaven smiled with pleasure and delight. Since the period above mentioned, several more have been added to our numbers, who promise to be an ornament to the Church and a blessing to their country.

Since the 8th of June last, one hundred and sixteen members have been added to our Church, which with former additions make an aggregate of one hundred and thirty-one, since the 2nd of March. The work is still advancing, and we have the most sanguine hopes of seeing many more of our citizens the happy subjects of this gracious revival.

ACCOUNT OF CAMP-MEETINGS IN ILLINOIS.

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

As information respecting the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, must be acceptable to the readers of the periodical work published under your superintendence, I forward the following communication which you can dispose of as you think best.

A Camp-Meeting was lately held, about thirty-five miles from this place, in a south westerly direction, under the superintendence of brother John Stewart, the travelling Methodist preacher having the charge of Mount-Carmel circuit. It commenced on the afternoon of Friday, the 20th day of last month, and closed on the morning of the following Monday. The congregation was not large, usually about three hundred souls; on the Sabbath, perhaps, six hundred. This meeting was remarkable for seriousness, solemnity, and good order. Such a sense of the Divine presence appeared to rest on the assembly, that those who might have been disposed to be rude, were restrained, and awed into respectful deportment. It was obvious that the ministers who addressed the people, were clothed, both in their sermons and exhortations, with power from on high; for their word fell upon the congregation in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost. Divine illumination seemed, at times, to flash, like lightning, upon the assembly, and produced the most powerful effects. The mild splendour of heavenly joy shone in the faces of the people of God; while the darkness of condemna-

tion and the horrors of guilt hung, like the shadows of death, upon the countenances of the ungodly. The merciful power of God was manifested, in a particular manner, in the conviction of sinners, and the justification of mourning penitents; while believers were not destitute of its divine influence, by which they drank deeper into the spirit of holiness.

In the intervals of preaching, it was common to see a number of mourning souls prostrate near the stand, for whom supplications were offered unto a throne of grace. And they were not offered in vain. About twenty professed to be reconciled to God, through faith in the blood of Christ. Several joined our Church.

On Monday morning, under the last sermon preached at this meeting, we seemed to be in the very suburbs of heaven. The subject was, '*The inheritance of the saints in light.*' The preacher, apparently swallowed up in the subject, bore the congregation away with him into the celestial regions, in the contemplation of the glories of the world to come. It was a very precious time to the religious part of the assembly; and the irreligious part, I doubt not, received some very strong and deep impressions of the eternal world. I know not that there was one dry eye in the whole assembly.

On the Friday following another Camp-Meeting commenced in the neighbourhood of this place. In respect to numbers it was similar to the former one; nor was it less remarkable, in regard to seriousness, solemnity, and good order. In this respect, I can truly say, that, though I have been at many Camp-Meetings, I never saw such as these before. We had no guard; and at the last meeting no rules, for the regulations of it, were published—We needed none. God was our defence and salvation. He encamped with us in his gracious and glorious presence, to awe the wicked into respect for his worship, and to shed upon the children of faith the richest effusions of divine grace.

The latter of these meetings was different, in some respects, from the former. The preaching did not appear to be attended with so much power, and such displays of divine illumination. But the prayer-meetings in the intervals, were more abundantly distinguished by the communication of justifying grace, in answer to the supplications of the people of God. About forty-five professed to receive the forgiveness of sins; and twenty-three offered themselves to become members of our church.

One circumstance is worthy of particular notice. A scotch family, remarkable for good breeding and propriety of deportment, attended this meeting. They were eight in number; the elderly gentleman, his lady, three daughters, two sons, and a

nephew. The female head of this family was not destitute of the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. This treasure she had obtained in her native country. But the rest were not in possession of this pearl of great price. However, in the course of a few hours, at this meeting, they were all powerfully convicted, and, I have reason to believe, truly converted to God.

This is a singular circumstance. Such a family as this was, is rarely found; and the conversion of seven persons out of eight belonging to it, under such circumstances, within the compass of a few hours, is, perhaps, almost without a parallel. It will not escape the notice of the pious mind, accustomed to reflect on the workings of nature, and the operations of grace, that the self-righteousness of such persons generally presents the strongest barrier against faith. But the power of divine grace broke down this barrier in them; then they sunk, in humble confidence, on the merits of the Redeemer.

The presiding elder who attended this meeting, informed me, that many Camp-Meetings had been held in his district, and that they had been generally blessed with great displays of divine power. Since then, I have received information, through another medium, that a Camp-Meeting held not far from Shawneetown in this state, was favoured with an abundant outpouring of the grace of God. More than thirty persons professed to obtain the remission of their sins.

The writer of this communication has remarked for a number of years past, that a large proportion of those who are brought to the possession of the life and power of godliness, are found among the rising generation. This was particularly so, at the meetings above-mentioned. Does this not strongly portend, that God is about to effect some great and glorious purpose in favour of his church, by the generation which is to succeed us? Thanks be unto his name for what he has done—But he has more in store for our world, than we can readily conceive. May his goodness be manifested in such gracious displays of Almighty power, as will bear down all opposition. Amen.

WM. BEAUCHAMP.

Mount-Carmel, Illinois, Aug. 15, 1821.

SUMMARY OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Methodist Magazine for May last, it appears the missionaries are successfully proceeding in their work in CEYLON, in NEW SOUTH WALES and in SOUTH AFRICA. Mr. Shaw, the Missionary to South Africa, in company with several others, had arrived to the institution called *Bethany*, where Mr.

Schmelen has been for some time employed as a missionary. He gives the following account of his arrival.

“When two or three furlongs off, our people fired a salute, which put all the people upon the settlement in motion. On hearing the first report of our muskets, brother Schmelen and his people were in the Church, offering their morning sacrifice of prayer and praise. No Christian Missionary having before visited brother S. he was almost overcome with joy at our arrival; and when we came to bow at his family altar, he seemed indeed lost in love and praise. It is now forty days since we left Steinkopff, during which we have not seen a single dwelling house of any description, nor even so much as one inhabited hovel. The country we have travelled is a complete wilderness, in every sense of the word, and, with the exception of a few Bushmen and Namacquas by the Orange River, is entirely destitute of inhabitants. None but he who has travelled through such a desert can form a correct idea of our joy, on arriving at this station, which led to reflections of that *“better country,”* where the followers of JESUS, from every *“nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,”* shall meet together;

“Where all their toils are o’er,
Their suffering and their pain :
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.”

About seven this morning, the trumpet (a beast’s horn) was sounded, and the people assembled in the church. Mr. S. having read a few verses from the New Testament, proceeded to ask questions on each subject contained therein. When any seemed at a loss to give an appropriate answer, he assisted them, lest they should be discouraged. The place in which religious worship is held, is spacious, but in a state of decay, in consequence of which a new one has been proposed, the walls of which are already about two feet in height. The new dwelling house lately completed is built of stone, and is a very strong, substantial building. The fountain is by far the strongest we have seen either in Great or Little Namacqualand, and its streams are led over a considerable piece of ground which has been cultivated for gardens.—Around the place, and in its vicinity, there is plenty of grass, and the people are possessed of numerous herds of cattle, on which they chiefly subsist. Two solid masses of iron were brought to the Institution, by one of the old Namacquas; the least of the pieces might be reckoned at six or eight hundred weight; the other almost twice as heavy. The Namacquas cut off such pieces as they need with chisels, and it being perfectly malleable, they work it up according to their proficiency in the smith’s business, of

which most of them are remarkably fond. The Namacquas were reminded this evening of the Missionary Meetings in England.

I spoke to the congregation of the glad tidings of salvation by JESUS CHRIST, and baptized the daughter of brother Kitchingman. In the afternoon we commemorated the sufferings of our dying LORD with the church, and in the evening brother K. spoke of the joy experienced by Barnabas on witnessing the grace of GOD in the city of Antioch. Many of the people had never seen a white female before, in consequence of which our European wives had many admirers."

From the same number we extract the following account of the

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Batavia—Mr. ROBINSON writes: "The time is come, when I much need a fellow-labourer: my work increases, and my strength diminishes. I do not say, that there is a great door open, but it is high time for us to attempt something on a larger scale, and to make, if possible, a regular and well-directed attack on Muhammedanism. We must, if you will assist us, make a strenuous effort to establish schools; we must go all round the country, where the Malay language is spoken, and preach and disperse religious tracts. Other tracts must be written; school-books, and books containing the first principles of useful knowledge, must be prepared and circulated; and, in short, every effort must be made to enlighten the public mind, and to prepare the way of the LORD. Muhammedanism is, I believe, Satan's strongest fort; and our post seems to be on the most impregnable side of that fort. We must not expect an easy victory; the siege will be long, and success will long appear doubtful; some of us shall most likely die in the attempt, but others will live to hear the shout of victory.

"We have now, at Batavia, four members, who have been baptized in Java; and we have besides them, five men of hopeful piety, who pray in turn at our prayer-meetings. There are also a few women, who seem to be pious; and two persons, if no more, appear to have died in the LORD; to say nothing of a poor Chinaman, who says he will die under the feet of JESUS. Add these together, and you will find them more than ten, the number for which Sodom might have been saved; and shall Java then be rejected?"

Samarang.—This Station affords greater facilities than Batavia, for intercourse with the original inhabitants of Java. Mr. Bruckner writes:—"One day I went to some villages, where I intended to converse with the inhabitants on the Gos-

pel. After they had related to me a number of things respecting their lands and houses, &c. I told them that it was not merely necessary to care for the body, but especially for the soul; and in order to bring it more closely to them, and to introduce the Gospel to them, I asked what they thought would become of their souls hereafter. They replied, this question was too deep for them, as they never had troubled their minds with such things. I expressed that I pitied them very much. In the mean time some had gone to call the priest of the village, who soon arrived: he was an old venerable looking man. I asked him whether he could read and write? He replied, he could read a little, but write he could not. I entered into a conversation with him on religion, in the presence of the people, who were staring at us, as if they heard something quite new. I spent a very pleasant hour with them. I hope to visit them as often as I can. I must observe that the people higher up the country are far less acquainted with the particular tenets of the Mahometan religion, though they are called Mussulmans, than the people a long the sea-shore, and are therefore the fittest subjects for the Gospel, as their prejudices are less.

“On Sundays I have regular preaching in Malay to a few poor people, who profess themselves Christians. Though I see that the number of hearers does not increase, I will not give it up as long as there are two or three. An old man amongst them, who had regularly attended, was so sick, that he could not come; I visited him in his house, reminding him of that which I had spoken repeatedly to them, namely, of our salvation in JESUS CHRIST, and that we were all miserable and lost sinners without him. He replied to me with tears in his eyes, that he was *no sinner*. You may suppose that I would rather have heard such a language with tears without that *no*. Though I suppose he had lived all his life-time in whoredom, he was still self-righteous. I asked him whether he was not called a Christian. Yes, he said. Now, I said, if you, being called a Christian, have not loved JESUS CHRIST with all your heart, and expressed this love by living according to his precepts, then you are a great sinner, though you, perhaps, have not committed murder and theft. This put him to silence. After recommending him to think about those things I had spoken to him about, and to pray to God for light and assistance, I left him for this time.

“In my attempt of translating the New Testament into Javanese, I am come to the end of Paul’s Epistle to the Colossians. I have also begun the revision of the Gospel of Matthew, to adapt it more to the use of the natives.”

The following instance of the liberality of a poor native Christian woman, at Calcutta, given in the last report of this Society, will be read with great pleasure.

A Portuguese woman, a member of the Church, having been employed as a servant in a respectable family, had saved a small sum, which she was desirous of devoting, in some way, to the cause of God. Nothing better having occurred to her, she offered to rent a piece of ground, and build on it a Bengalee place of worship at her own expense. After having ascertained, to their entire satisfaction, that her design, in this proposal, was to promote the work of God, the Missionaries acceded to her request. The house was built; and the following Letter, which she sent to Mr. Eustace Carey on the occasion, will interest every pious reader, by the strain of evangelical simplicity in which it is written.

“May the glorious God be victorious!

“My dear Brother—

“I am by no means worthy to write to you, or even to call you Brother, because I am a very insignificant person. It is through the love of the LORD, that I have been able to call you Brother. I have one request to make; and it is, that you will not think any thing of the house; for it was not from me, but from the hand of God. If the LORD alone had not given me the mind, I should have been able to do nothing at all. O LORD! thy mercy is great! thy death is all in all! I could stand in the streets to proclaim thy praise, but then men would say I was mad. O LORD! what shall I do to proclaim thy praise?

“A few days ago, as I was sitting and meditating, my mind was exceedingly happy; and I said, ‘O my mind, come, let us build a house, in which we may proclaim the praise of the LORD!’ After this, however, I did not know whether I should do it or not; because I thought, ‘O my mind if this is only done with the body, then I shall be certainly like the idolaters, who think there is merit in such things.’ Then my mind was afraid. But I said, ‘O my mind, whence has this desire arisen? how do I know but it came from the hand of the LORD?’ O gracious LORD, if it came from thee, give me an humble mind, that, in this, thy name may be glorified. O LORD, we are the cultivators; what can we do? Thou art the giver of the fruit! Thou canst do all things! Nothing is impossible with thee! Let me not trust in my own wisdom; but, in every thing, acknowledge thee!

“May the grace, love, and peace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST be with all the Brethren and Sisters. Amen!

(Signed)

“An insignificant Handmaid of the LORD.”

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY REGISTER SAYS,

Two letters from the Rev. Messrs. Fisk and Parsons, dated in September and October last, were published in our number for February. At the date of these letters, the Missionaries were residing on the Island of Scio, devoting their attention to the study of the Modern Greek language, and preparing for their future labours. During their residence on this Island, they distributed one French and three English Bibles, two Italian and thirty-five Greek Testaments, and 3700 Religious Tracts. They took their departure from Scio on the 23d of October, on their return to Smyrna where they arrived on the following day. On the 1st of November, they left Smyrna on a tour through a part of Asia Minor, and returned on the 23d of the same month; "during which time, they travelled 300 miles; visited, among other places, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, and Philadelphia; sold and gave away 21 Bibles and Testaments; and distributed 1300 religious tracts."

Obituary.

DEATH OF ELMON ALLEN.

To the Editors of the Methodist Magazine.

DEAR BRETHREN,

THE enclosed sketch of the conversion, affliction, and triumphant death of Elmon, son of Rev. Robert Allen of this county, I think may be useful to many of the readers of your excellent Miscellany. Should you think with me, its insertion in an early number, will be gratifying to his parents, and to many of his friends,

Yours in Christ,

Richmond County, Georgia, Aug. 7, 1821.

SAMUEL K. HODGES.

His parents were religious before he was born, and his father has been for many years a local preacher,—he was of course blessed with a religious education. When about nine years old, he was often seen to weep, and discovered an anxious solicitude about the salvation of his soul. At places of worship he was at times so overcome by a sense of his want of religion, as to be rendered helpless, and in that situation his friends would bear him away.

From that period he became devoted to God; in his thirteenth year he joined our church, and such was his upright walk, and godly conversation, that many of his acquaintances regarded him as truly a child of God. But it was not until the White Oak Camp-Meeting, Warren circuit, July, 1819, (which was perhaps the greatest Camp-Meeting ever witnessed in

this part of the country,) that he received a satisfactory evidence that he had found "the pearl of great price." This was in his sixteenth year. He now became zealous in his Master's cause, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, and would sometimes exhort with so much energy that he was called "the little preacher."

Before that meeting, he felt some symptoms of the fatal disease, that brought him to an untimely end. It commenced by an affection in the right side, whether produced by a fall, that he received from a horse, or some other cause, his physicians could never determine. The symptoms continued, and became more and more alarming, until last March, when the affected part was much swollen, and his physicians deemed an operation imperious-

ly necessary. This was performed, but nothing but blood, bone, and lungs, were found; one rib was entirely gone, and a part of the lungs was taken out. At times he seemed better and then worse, until the 10th of July, during which time there were four operations performed. His sufferings were extreme, but a murmur was never heard to drop from his lips. His fortitude, arising from an unshaken confidence in God, uniformly evinced the power of that grace that is sufficient for every trial. He would speak of death with the utmost composure and serenity of mind; but when spoken to on the subject of his experience, he would express a wish for more of the fulness of God. On the evening before his death, the cause of his sorrow was entirely removed, and he was enabled to rejoice aloud, on account of the glorious manifestation of the divine presence.

On the 11th of July, the day of his departure, his sufferings were still more excruciating; but his mind was calm and collected, and with his afflicted friends, he was looking out for the moment of relief; he however lived until late in the evening. About five o'clock in the afternoon he requested his father to be called, who had retired to rest. On his coming in, Elmon, said he, how do you feel? "Oh, happy, happy! I have suffered more

than tongue can tell, but am going to receive my reward." Turning to his mother, he said, "You have been a faithful mother to me, I am going to glory, I thank you for all your toil and care, Oh! try to meet me in heaven." He then spake individually to all present, and exhorted his weeping brothers and sisters to live for God and meet him in Heaven. Recollecting some who were absent, for whom he felt much interested, he said, "tell them I am going to heaven, and to be sure to meet me there."

His happy soul often broke forth into the greatest extacies, and he would shout, glory to God. About seven o'clock, they thought he was dying. His father said, as we cannot weep for sorrow, let us sing—while thus engaged, he revived—by this time some of the neighbours came in, and he entreated them most earnestly, to meet him in heaven. When he ceased to shout, supposing him unable to speak, one said, brother Elmon, if you feel happy, raise your hand. In a moment he raised both, and shortly after without a sigh or groan, he breathed his last.

Our loss is his eternal gain. He is taken from the evil to come. Surely the dying chamber of a child of God, is favoured above the ordinary walks of life. May my last end be like his.

Poetry.

For the Methodist Magazine.

PITY.

HOW bright the tear which wets the eye,
And oft the cheek of pity stains!
How sweet the sympathetic sigh,
Which heaves for others woes and pains!
This tear is brighter than the gem,
Which glitters in a diadem.

The zephyr's breath a fragrance yields,
When spring revives the smiling plain,
And Flora decks the verdant fields,
Extending wide her flow'ry train;
But Pity's breath is sweeter far
Than all the gales of zephyr's are.

The dew-drops trembling o'er the mead,
Reflected by the light of morn,
Like radiant pearls, a lustre shed,
Or like the stars the heav'ns adorn;
But these display a feeble light,
Compar'd with Pity's tear so bright.

Proud ocean rolls her lofty waves,
That strike with awe the sons of men,
And deep within her bed she laves,
The coral fair and precious gem;
But these cannot affect the soul,
Like Pity's tears which gently roll.

Hope's lambient flame may dimly burn,
Excite the tears which oft are shed
O'er some lov'd youth, whose lonely urn
Speaks to the living, not the dead;
Soft are the tears which o'er them flow,
But softer shed for other's woe.

'Twas pity touch'd the Saviour's breast,
And caus'd him to forsake His throne:
He left the mansions of the blest,
To suffer for mankind alone;
His eye the pearly drop distill'd
When sorrow deep His bosom fill'd.

The poor partook his friendly care,
When He compassionately smil'd;
He did their griefs and sorrows share,
And oft their lonely hours beguil'd;
He wept—and o'er the mournful bier
Let fall the sympathetic tear.

Breathes there a soul in earthly mould,
Who boasts of nobler pow'rs of mind,
Whose heart untouch'd, to Pity cold,
And all those sentiments refin'd?
He lives,—but almost lives in vain,—
He dies,—but not to live again.

MIRANDA.